No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloodie paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace Cooſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to or'e walke a Current roring lowd
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimd,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rouſe a Lion, then to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heauen me thinks it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corriuall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac'd fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Cooſen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not,

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my pu
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall kee

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat
He ſaid he would not ranſom
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake
But I will find him when he li
And in his eare Ile hallow *M*
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and g
To keepe his anger ſtill in mo

Wor. Heare you Cooſin, a

Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſo
Saue how to gall and pinch t
And that ſame Sword and Bu
But that I thinke his father lo
And would be glad he met w
I would haue him poyſoned v

Wor. Farewell Kinſman, I
When you are better temper

Nor. Why what a Waſpe-t
Art thou, to breake into this
Tying thine eare to no tongu

Hot. Why looke you, I a
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmi
Of this vile Polititian *Bulling*
In *Richards* time, what doe y
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glo*
Twas where the mad-cap Du
His vncle *Yorke*, where I ſir
Vnto this King of Smiles, thi
Zbloud, when you and he ca

Nor. *At Barkly* Caſtle.

Why what a candie deale of
This fawning Grey-hound
Looke when his infant Fort
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C